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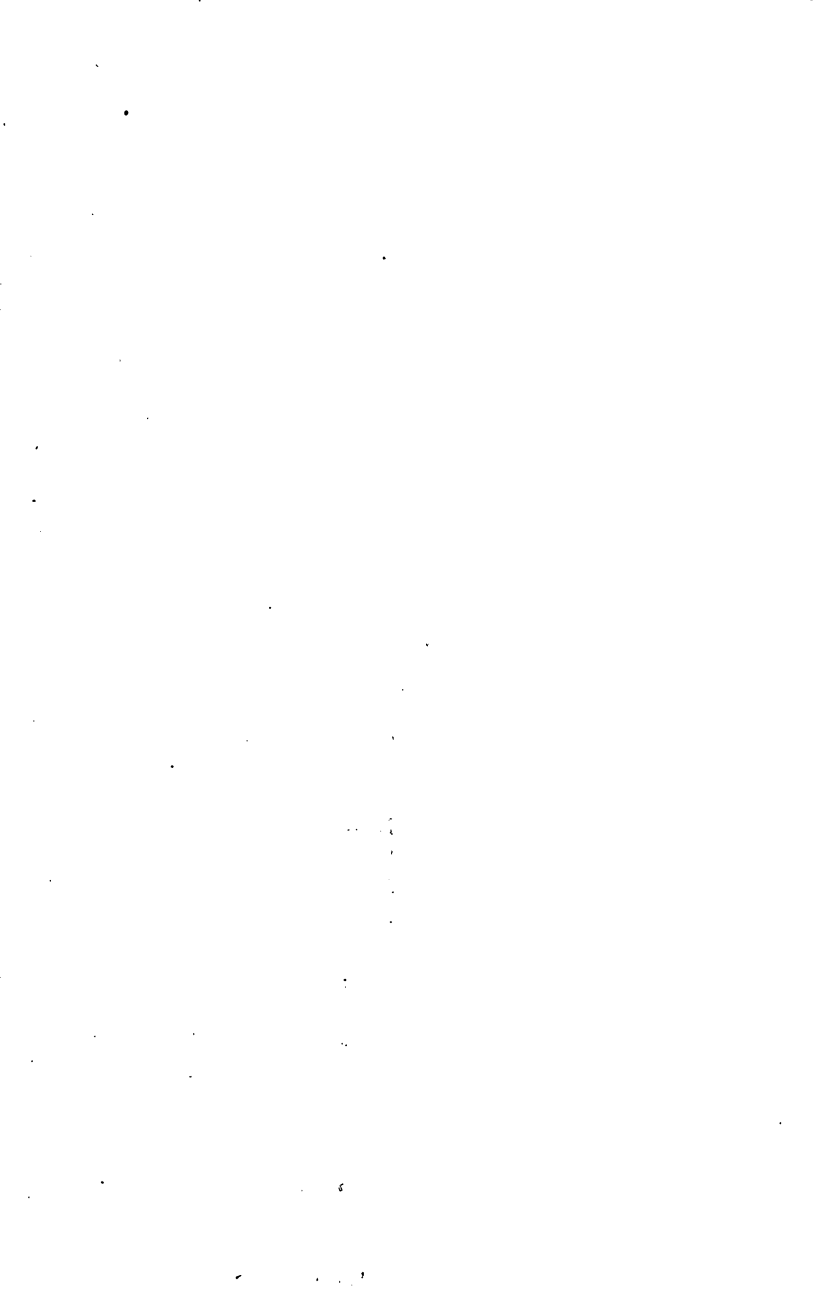
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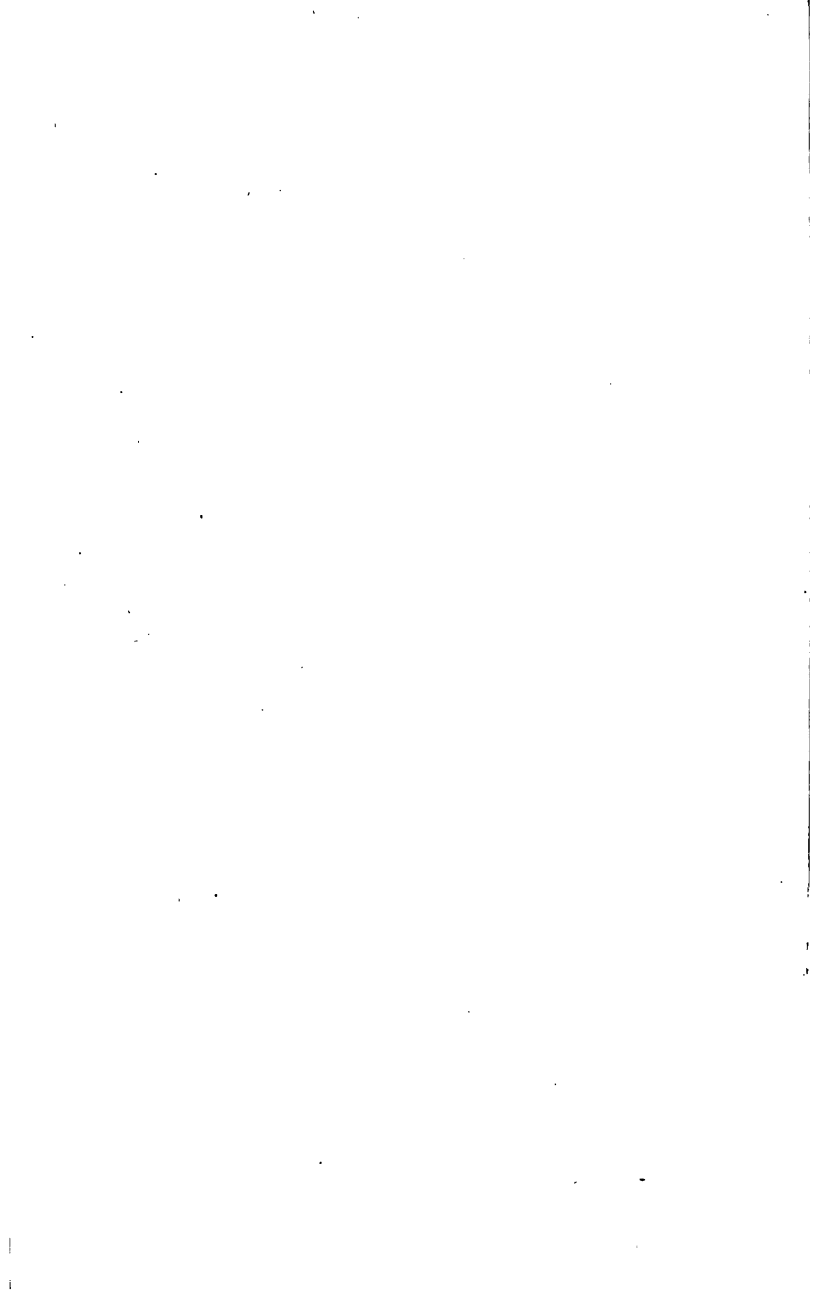
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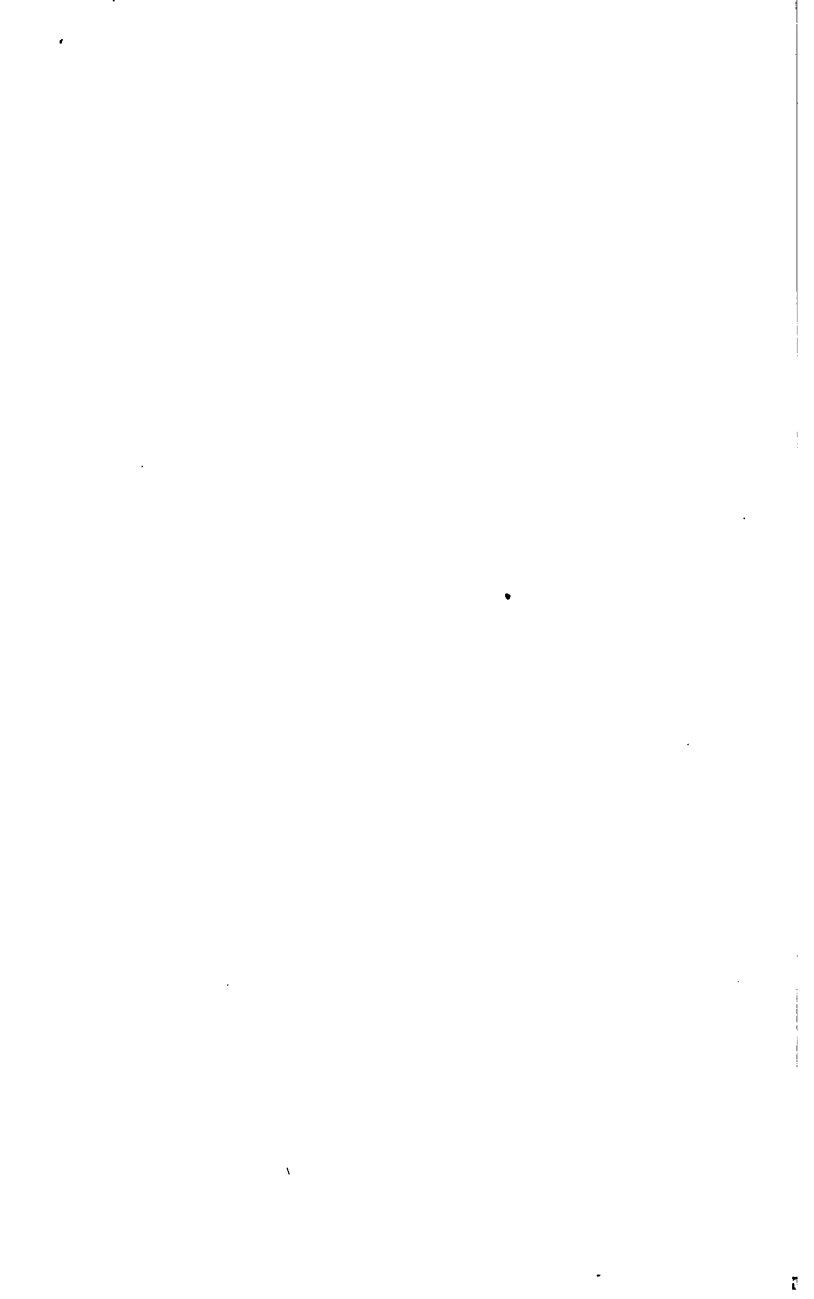
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## **VARIOUS POEMS**





## Secrets

DAY hears of stars, but never one

Her watch rewards, and so from Night  
She keeps her secret of the Sun.

But all their secret, dark and bright,  
Is Light.

Day speaks it plain, but clearer she

Who from afar proclaims it less ;

Who knows, and will not half confess ;—  
Near Night is farthest heaven to see,  
And more to guess.

## Of Peace

Oh Life that is, asleep with death  
So soon to be,  
Through speech and silence slips the breath,  
Lost equally.

Oh Heaven, with peace to crown and fill,  
A moment keep  
First out of time, and calm and still,  
And dead with sleep.

## The Gift

OF others seen, of others heard,  
And mine indeed to hear and see,  
Shall praise or blame, shall any word  
Of other men be part of thee  
To me ?

A friend's the gift of one, who stands  
To witness virtue and defect.  
I take thee, sweet, at thine own hands ;  
I see and hear of thee direct ;  
In thee, condone ; of thee, expect.

## Invocation

SWEET soul, a moment wing to me,  
And stir the mist about my way.  
Thy touch I do not ask thee lay  
Upon my very cheek, but be  
A shock of stars, a flash of day.

Now from the long restraint of heaven  
Be instant as the light that breaks.  
My days like clouds across thee driven,  
I do not dream thy form forsakes  
The eternal pause that Beauty makes.

## Return

57

INTO the night that shuts the world away,  
    Into the dark that no distractions move,  
There slips a shadow swiftly as it may,  
    There comes a phantom featured as I love.  
                    So long astray,  
Back to my Thought, oh exile of the Day !

**“To hear the things a Thought  
of you will say”**

To hear the things a Thought of you will say,  
    A Memory tell,  
Time waits at night, and pauses in the day;  
To hear the things a Thought of you will say,  
He loves a while at eventide to stay,—  
    He loves a little in the dawn to dwell;  
To hear the things a Thought of you will say,  
    A Memory tell.

## Claims

AND whose art thou? Love has thee in my  
heart,

Grief has thee in thine own.

How seek thee, sweet, at once with Love apart,  
With Grief alone?

Oh, once from Grief could Love receive thee  
quite,

Redeem thee all!

Thy Self apart thy Self alone recall,  
Restore, requite!



## Idolatry

**THERE** is a day that ends all life for me ;  
Yet know I not enough for actual dread  
If it shall come in all Eternity,  
Or if 'tis past, and I already dead.

I mean the day I look my last on you ;  
Each time we part I know not if I die,  
Though I live on ; and Death may wound me to  
My human end, and yet not mortally.

## Jealousy

### I.

HER waking thoughts I bribe with love  
Upon one only path to move ;  
    But in her sleep I must defer  
    To the least hint, the smallest stir  
    Of bygone things that come to her,  
Her single separate life that prove.

Ah, from a state so incomplete  
Withhold thy memory's tribute, sweet !  
    Imperfect pleasure, empty pain,  
    Is all unchanged to thee again ?  
    Or does this rose's scent explain  
Old thorns about thy lonely feet ?

## Jealousy

### II.

IN my jealous heart it seems  
Some mirage of other years  
Might, from floating through your dreams,  
Sully one among your tears,  
Some most perilously plain  
Poisoned drop of sacred rain.

Glancing through another one,  
Should there flash a quivering, bright  
Prism that some other sun,  
Ere it failed you, set alight,  
It would darken all the rays,  
All the treasure of to-day's.

## Chimes at Night

Oh Time, through darkness fain to glide,  
Your secrets long the stars have spied,  
And earthward cried !  
And now that curious man beside  
Your secret lapse  
Would follow, count, control, divide,  
His silver traps  
Of sound await you far and wide.

## Night

PIERCING her sable flag unfurled,  
Stars hail the tireless traveller, Night !  
In easy pursuit round the world  
Of the abashed and hunted light,  
She moves in confident advance  
On day's unhappiest circumstance.

## Moods

SINCE you my mood so changeful deem,  
Nor long the same,  
Do you esteem  
My love to blame,  
Or helpless, as life's fickle stream  
Goes rippling cold or kind?  
Has Love gone blind,—  
Or does the unchanging central Flame  
Its clouded beam  
Absorb behind?  
And only *seem*  
Uncertain, as a man's voice, pitched the same  
Against the varying wind?

## Waking Dreams

### I.

I NEED thee not! Then, Sleep, away!  
Before the fast approaching morn  
Drape all the rainy world in grey,  
And rise on me in timely scorn,  
I must dream out a waking dream,—  
I have a sunny crop to reap,  
Of ears that through the darkness gleam  
Too brightly to be sunk in sleep.

## Waking Dreams

### II.

ON rebel dreams 'gainst sleep that hold  
My threatened consciousness,  
Who to the conscious life have sold  
The faith you did profess :—  
How, fashioned in one only mould  
Of shrinking tenderness,  
Such clear desertion are you bold  
Unshrinking to confess ?



## A Creditor

MORE than ever mortal met,  
Sleep's a creditor would fain  
Leave the debtor to forget,  
Flying ere the backward brain  
Wakes to knowledge of its debt,  
As it comes to life again ;—  
Life, however fair, that yet,  
Pauseless, were a mortal pain.

## The Unattained

Away, dark Phantom, that mak'st all things vain  
I cannot feel the light luxurious rain,  
Rest in the stars, nor kindle to the sun  
Through thee the purpose of my life's undone.

It fades. The sun strikes mercilessly down ;  
Next in the rushing of the rain I drown ;  
Then a blind whisper darkens all the blue,—  
“What if the purpose of thy life went too ?”

## Of Death

SHALL we find on drawing nearer,  
As we pass him, one by one,  
Death a self-destroyed Chimæra,  
Made his own Bellerophon ?

Apprehensive Life's creation,  
Only seen with mortal eyes,  
Of a fabulous negation  
Slain in every man that dies ?

## A Grave

ON cold ground are gathered here  
Grief and fear.  
All but my more earthly mind  
Left behind,  
Here my mortal, sad alone,  
Makes its moan.

Stretching 'gainst my weak alarms  
Tender arms,  
From your grave your memory  
Beckons me,—  
Bids me in its wise embrace  
Hide my face.

## Death's Transition

You change not for the simple chance  
Of life's advance.  
To heart, to thought no alien you,  
To learn anew.

In this same life that mirth and mind  
Of yours refined,  
The present has you ; how recall  
You then at all ?

A secret simple as of old,  
That was not told ;—  
Which, to be solved in moving on,  
We looked upon.

## “What is the Sleep we crave?”

WHAT is the sleep we crave ?  
 What are the dreams of earthly sleep ?  
 What is the sleep of the grave ?

We have known the dreams of earthly sleep  
 That the pulses of life beat through ;  
 We have known the deep,  
 Indulgent night narcotics keep  
 In a faint creation's view.  
 But the spirit of me, of you,  
 It never shall know, nor knew,  
 The sleep of the grave, the sleep of the grave.  
 The sleep of the grave,  
 Though mortal crave,  
 He never shall know, nor knew.

For the sleep of the grave—(Say on !)  
 Is sleep—with the sleeper gone.

## May Day

**MAD** free of Nature's perfect play  
Do I rejoice with Time to-day ;  
I sit with blossom and with birth.  
I bide with blossom on the earth.  
I bide awhile, and yet must go.  
And oh, my heart, my spirit ! Oh,  
If what is born and blossometh  
Be not so beautiful as death ?

## **" My Fate that slept."**

**My fate, that slept in the east, one day  
Grew and glowed with the waxing sun,  
But sent no signal of sweet dismay  
To me of the birth begun.**

**So I arose with a steady eye,  
A mortal moved 'mid a mortal throng,  
With never a wistful thought that I  
Should not be mortal long.**

**Then, ere I knew, you were at my side,  
Defeat and glorious victory !  
Who life to the mortal—first denied,  
And loosed the immortal—me.**



## Clouds

THINE absence clouds the sky, where yet  
The blue, victoriously behind,  
As everlastingly is set  
As is thine empire in my mind.

Thine absence palls the sky, where deep  
Night's shivering blades are driven in,  
And blind my thoughts about them creep  
Until some happier wind begin.

## Anachronism

Ah yes, the day that calls us out of night,  
That living be,  
Rose first for you. How came you with the  
right  
To number hours that were not time for me ?

You saw the sun of that last day, ere yet  
I lived to see.  
Forgotten sun ! Since all but I forget  
That last of time that was not time for me.

## Ambition

Joy, of beauty—love, of aught  
    Dear to thee—  
Friends, of others—but a thought  
    Make of me!

Thine, a shadow,—thine, a ghost,—  
    I shall fly  
From thy memory to be lost  
    In the sky.

## **“ I die for thee ”**

**I DIE for thee from all the world, my dear,  
I am deaf for thee, and blind.  
Thou art the future, and with every year  
I am leaving thee behind.**

**I live for thee from any death ; I yield  
No passing love to thee.  
My heart is safe behind the eternal shield  
Thy merit makes for me.**

## Love and Nature

Does each the other's secret know,  
By either is the other read,  
That Love to Nature hastens so  
In sorrow to be comforted ?

Or is it that our minds are dull,  
Our minds that cannot fix a line  
'Twixt Nature, blindly beautiful,  
And Love that's consciously divine ?

## Possession

IN front of all the world you passed,  
And they that come, come all in vain,  
And once ; but you again, again,  
And you at last.

Oh far away ! And who is here ?  
Is't Beauty ? But you left me Night.  
Is't Darkness ? But you bring me Sight,  
And all is clear.

You bring me sight, you leave me blind.  
None know me for the work you do.  
I am approached—by only you,  
—Or left behind.

## A Day

WELL may I shrink to wake, and on me find  
For a whole day the gift of speech conferred !  
The choice of time, the choice of thought behind,  
The choice of—every word !

For a whole day the gift of hearing given !  
And uttered round me secrets without end ;—  
And speaking round me earth, or hell, or heaven,  
—As I attend !

## Night and Day

STRANGE trouble meets me in the day,  
Strange pleasure in the night;  
There's glory when the sun's away,  
And darkness in the light.

For day has lost my darling's track  
In heartless brilliancy;  
And night the vision renders back  
That I was born to see.



## Influence

### I.

ALONG the earthly paths we tread  
A smile was given you to shed  
To be in heaven remembered.

The wide assurance of the chance  
Unmoved direction of your glance  
Makes life an altered circumstance.

## Influence

### II.

You whose outposts to the foe  
Me deny,  
You whose Thought my thoughts that fly  
Following, claims and captains too,—  
Oh unconscious keen Ally,  
Neighbouring earth with such a sky,  
Where's the heaven to neighbour you?

“ For ever in word and in deed ”

For ever in word and in deed, wheresoever thou  
goest,  
Thou'rt blameless for me,  
And yet I can never absolve thee for aught that  
thou doest  
That I cannot see.

Oh not for one word that the heart of no listener  
moveth  
That I cannot hear;  
And not for one look that the height of thy  
loveliness proveth,  
With no lover near.

## Apart

New days are bright about my heart,  
But there's no dawn may pass within.  
What sun of suns could hope to win  
Where thou, with all thy memories, art ?  
The days that they were gathered in  
Are there apart.

## The Pessimist

### I.

Oh jealous Life, of whom to draw one breath  
Is visited with death.  
Oh narrow Stars, one glimpse of whom to have  
Is punished with a grave.  
Exacting speech, one word of which to say  
Such silences must pay !

Oh generous death, that limits not our term  
Of refuge from the storm ;  
Oh tender grave, that never casts us thence  
For innocent offence.  
Free silences that every tongue may share  
Indspitably there.

## The Pessimist

### II.

THE earth is sad enough to die,  
In darkness quenched utterly,  
But torturing Light,  
With weapons bright,  
Stabs thro' and thro' the sullen Night,  
And goads with dawn the unwilling sky.

## The Pessimist

### III.

**STORM** the rich towers of silence, and arrest  
Death angels hurrying by ;  
**Oh** foolish man, of all things dispossessed,  
Who dares not die !  
**Droop** the pale feather of thy mortal crest  
That sought the sky,  
**Low** in the dust, to whose magnetic breast  
The generations of the hopeless fly.

## The Pessimist

### IV.

THE dead may sleep ; the living wake.  
Beyond the clouds the dead may dream,  
Free of the flesh their souls forsake  
That Death descended to redeem.  
Too well they sleep, the dead, the dead ;  
Oh wake, and let me sleep instead !

Take for an hour this life of mine,  
Oh child Death sang asleep so soon !  
Soft hands about the heart-strings twine  
You should have stayed to keep in tune.  
And yet, what death ! Resignedly  
Through such a precious hour to die !

Wake for a day, and let me die,  
Dead mother of the life I bear ;  
This garb of your own fashion try,  
This ghost of your own raising dare.  
The cup you mixed and tasted drink,  
And let me in your slumber sink.



## Early Dawn

THE day has broken all unknown ;  
Unseen, the light has come again ;  
And men, who still in dreams remain,  
Leave Nature to support alone  
Her secret dawn of wind and rain.

To cope with this mysterious grief  
Oh Earth awake, attempt, contrive !  
With every shock of tempest strive.  
Cling close with every shaken leaf,—  
Attacked, endure ; assaulted, thrive !

## “About the Lattice”

ABOUT the lattice of a long delay  
The leaves of hope come down.  
Ah me, the dust that gathers there to stay!—  
The skies unknown!—

And yet your touch—that made the pane so fast,  
Your hands—that leave it so,  
Are still too weak—too pitiless—at last  
The wrong to undo.

## An old Piano

### I.

ON keys familiar with the past I own  
And love alone,  
I to myself the unaltered tale repeat  
Of music sweet,  
That other fingers were the first to tell  
To me so well.  
(I dream the touches of those fingers meet  
With mine that fall, that follow where they fell.)

### II.

Sing me the secrets of my listening heart,  
Sweet notes, apart !  
The evening hour, the moments bright renew  
You sounded thro' ;  
Yea, even the hour of some forgotten pain  
To soothe again.  
Me of the thoughts that Thought has left behind,  
Clear notes, remind.

## III.

Oh keys beloved, the joys of old express,  
The grief caress ;  
Till earthly life with its beginnings end,  
My life befriend.  
New joys I bring you with the old at one,  
New cares begun ;  
Unchanging still this confidante receive,  
This past retrieve.

## Paradox

THEE awaiting, I beside  
Thee stay ;  
But, pursuing, far and wide  
Go astray.

For at last the fathomless  
Timeless love  
Only patience can possess  
Faith approve.

## A Poet dead

DEATH saw a giant worn with strife ;  
A man he slew  
For weariness  
Than his full stature living less.  
And death by so much gained, and knew  
Himself for life.

The man was one,  
For whom in heaven  
There never rose the unfêted sun  
To men born blind obscurely given.—  
And lo, to few  
He leaves the world he sang ; to none  
The world he knew.

## The Unreconciled

AN heaven, to know my memories outrun  
Make half the sweetness of thy slumber here !  
This grave is one  
I fill with peace, of sorrow clear.  
Be happy with my absence there !  
As from despair,  
Oh mortal, cease  
From judgment now.  
When years to me a like release  
Allow,  
The immortal with the immortal hear !  
Anew let heaven my case declare,  
And me thy mortal judged—judge thou.

## The Fall of the Blossom

Oh unmelting, sunproof snow,  
Lying long,  
You are Time's to scatter so,  
Men among.

Time, in unacknowledged flight,  
Now to all  
Makes confession exquisite  
In your fall.

'Tis his flying moments strew  
At our feet  
All the path with their adieux,  
Soundless, sweet.

For the first time since the hour  
Of its birth,  
Now the dark root's upward shower  
Waters earth.



## Effort

AWED with its own still loveliness, each morn  
The world's new-born.  
Yet is my spirit, through that seeming rest,  
With thought oppressed  
Of each light petal, straining to keep true  
The balance of the dew;  
Each cloud to shape, through portless oceans  
pale,  
Its harbourless white sail,  
And, through mid-paths of opal seas to float  
Its vapour boat.

## Wind

**WONDER** abroad in the fugitive height !

Whither, oh wind, to be whither so soon,  
Loose you the wings of your turbulent flight ?  
Clouds that are heavy, and clouds that are light,  
Blacken beneath her, or level the bright

Innocent lightning you make of the moon,—  
Panic of darkness you fling to the night.

## Of a Picture of Dawn

A DAWN that never passes day  
To reach the dusk ;—a sun  
Arrested softly on its way  
That barely is begun ;  
An infant light forbid for ever  
The force of day, the noon's endeavour.

'Tis here, in fields I never knew  
My feverish thoughts have guessed  
The wealth of that suspended dew  
Invisibly at rest ;  
The stainless unreserved surrender  
Of one of many mornings' splendour.

## **“ You bring me Thoughts ”**

**You bring me thoughts too high to soil,  
Too intimate to show,  
Sweet Pause of heaven I dare not foil  
With any word I know.**

**Though all unspoken in my heart,  
Should human step draw near,  
I bid them shrink, I bid them start,  
I bid them hide, for fear.**

**Yet might I rest as calm as heaven,  
That shields not any star  
Because the skies are thunder-riven  
That lie beneath so far.**

## Limitation

To his sole self in every deed of mine  
Love limits Love. I cannot give thee less.  
Outside the horizon of his world divine  
I do no deed of commonest tenderness.  
So be it then. Love limits Love aright,  
Who limits only to the infinite.

## Futurity

Oh ills unborn for us to save,  
Oh power untold for us to lend  
With arms o'er-reaching many a grave !  
Oh joy to ruin or befriend !

There's not a cry from them to us ;  
And few that live would pause to hear.  
Oh far creation, pleading thus  
Thro' time to narrow things and near,

Could we but set you free ! And yet,  
Poor tyrants of a world to come,  
Slaves of the past, shall we forget  
The ages long when *we* were dumb ?

## Phantoms

THOUGH in my waking dreams you are,  
And in your own, asleep,  
Who knows, oh many mirrored star,  
What vigils else you keep  
In dreams of dreamers dreamed afar?—  
How soft, how wide, how deep?—

Who knows how many a happy lake  
Your light has travelled to,—  
What flocks of phantoms nightly take  
Their several ways from you,—  
Behind what clouds a passage make,—  
What thoughts of heaven renew?

## Sympathies

IGNORE me still, revile, praise, blame,  
World of to-day, or mock me now,  
For in my life some sweet days came  
Whose breath goes soft about my brow,  
And makes a halo all the same.

Moon of to-night so cold and bland,  
With that old moon identical,  
Pause first in heaven, and understand ;—  
Then with thy snows ephemeral  
Sprinkle the sea, and blanch the land.

For none but sympathies august  
Exclusive sorrow need receive,  
While there's no star in heaven but must  
Be tremulous with her right to grieve,  
And loftier with her right to trust.



## A Slave

A WEB is woven along my way  
From looms of a spent world's secrecy;  
And, quenched by clouds from the past that  
stray,  
The stars go out in my spirit's sky.  
What would *you* give for it, you who say  
'Twas the light of my will I stumbled by?

Yet *some* days witness a star surmount  
The blind horizon that hems me in :  
Made free by its light, I only count  
As sin, the sins that I do therein,  
For by that alone can my life account  
A battle open to lose or win.

## A double Cherry Tree

'NEATH snows like these I need not fear to stay;  
They are too soft to blind,  
Too light to crush me in their fall, too kind  
To freeze my life away.  
Their delicate mass behind,  
Illuminating day,  
And the blue heavens are gay,  
Glimpsed where the flakes less intimately bind,  
More dissolutely stray.

## The Dark

**THE** dark hangs plaintive over us, ere yet

Dawn's pearly feet come treading out the dew  
Wherewith the fields of midnight heaven are  
wet ;

Ere fresh relapses of the softening blue  
Loosen the gems in night's regalia set  
For the skilled touch of twilight to renew.

## Angels

ANGELS of mine, whose wingless presences  
Move so ethereal through the world I know,  
With your thronged forms, not singling hers,  
nor his,  
From out the glow,  
Alive to-night my jubilant memory is.

I cannot spare you, glorious crowd, whose tread  
Leaves whitest ways the whiter for your feet.  
One touched the waters of a pool, and led  
Me from my sweet  
Immersion, cleansed from many a mortal dread.

And one, remote upon a pinnacle  
Of selfless love, has steadied all my heart ;—  
And one, with him, to the invisible  
Has drawn a part  
Of me to stand his memory's sentinel.

## The Unfulfilled

CELESTIAL ship, for heaven full-sailed and free,  
I launch you on the limitable sea  
Of life's Impossible,  
Choked with the wreckage of men's hopes that  
    went  
Down with the burden of their discontent  
That no material, quick accomplishment  
On earth befell.

I launch you fearless with a steady crew  
Of quiet thoughts that out of patience grew,  
Whom, beyond time, I trust to pilot you :  
For oh, my heart,  
The immense Impossible we seem to see,  
Within the future's Possible may be  
Its simplest part.

## CHILD POEMS

12



## The Child

### I.

**WHAT** do you make of the world ?

More than the world of you,

Oh wonder of white unfurled !

What do you make of the world,

Or It, of the golden-curved ?

Or It, of the eyes of blue ?

What do you make of the world ?

More than the world of you !



## The Child

### II.

THE world works on, nor fails the stress  
Of sorrow from the laden air.  
But love has found a thing to bless,  
And love has found a joy to spare.

It takes a timid thing to bear  
The terror of his tenderness;  
And love has found a joy to spare,  
And love has found a thing to bless.

## The Child

### III.

ON captive of a mortal nest,  
What chance betrayed thee, snared unseen,  
To life that asks a brooding breast,  
And gathering arms to lie between ?  
Twin certainties of love that strain  
Against the bitter chance of pain.

And this my heart so rich in fears,  
Poor passionate unit of defence  
Against the multitude of tears !  
Thy smile how dare I recompense  
With love that can but foster thee  
In a remote mortality ?

## The Child

### IV.

THIS magic flicker of a light  
 But newly struck on earth, displays  
 To human heart, and heavenly height  
 As clear a candour as the day's,  
 Too little learned to mis-spell  
 The letters of the visible.

Here is an arrowy course, begun  
 On lines of truth that never start  
 On ways more devious than the sun  
 Makes choice of in his heavenly chart,  
 And daintiest feet that never shy  
 Into the gutter of a lie.

To Strength this minimum of power  
 A ready fellowship would lend;  
 And Time, in virtue of its hour  
 Of life, 'twould fancy for a friend;  
 And Space, behind love's sheltering hand,  
 It fain would draw, and understand.

## The Child

### V.

Lost amid the sunlight here  
Is the light of thought to-day.  
Earthly wisdom, oh beware!  
Painter, poet, turn away!  
For an omen half so fair  
All but love must lead astray.

Tell us, love! Interpret right,  
Plain for you the meaning lies.—  
For the painter—'tis a white  
Virgin canvas; for the wise  
From their wisdom a respite;—  
'Tis a poem—not to write.

## The Child

### VI.

A WEB thou art of loveliness  
To catch the dew's of song,  
A maze of sweet mysteriousness  
For blindfold hopes to throng,  
Where Love's old love, Simplicity, would  
beckon Love along.

A Court of Innocence that bears  
It's perfect state apart,  
Whose crown of silk thy forehead wears,  
Whose autocrat thou art,  
Whose sceptre, starred in heaven, is laid  
no less upon my heart.

Oh perfect pledge, oh exquisite  
Enlightener of Love!  
The earth is bare of any height  
To measure thee above,  
Who, on the beat of human feet art meek  
enough to move.

## The Child

### VII.

WHAT guard of the sky did your beauty evade  
When earthward it broke from its dazzling  
peers  
To fathom and fall in humanity's shade ?  
And what is this rapture of heaven that clears,  
When, your hair like a light fleece of cloud  
blown apart,  
The star of your forehead looks into my heart ?

## The Child

### VIII.

My heart of hearts invoking now,  
Emerging from the golden mist  
Breathed softly backward from a brow  
That something more than earthly kissed,

Your forehead lifts its white appeal  
Up to my sleeping skies of love,  
And strange new planets start and feel  
How wide a heaven is theirs to move.

Lo, to my eyes at length revealed,  
Long harboured hidden and remote,  
With anchor by your sweetness weighed,  
What dazzling miracles afloat !

## The Child

### IX.

"How far was it, sweet, how far  
You brought me yourself to love?"

"A weary way from a happier star,  
Its pity for earth to prove.

A flower in its fields I grew,  
A light in its heaven shone,—  
But scant of flowers was the earth, it knew,  
And little the light thereon."

"Oh tender, and pure, and pale,  
How long is it, love, how long  
Your light through our cloudy skies shall sail,  
Your head with our weeds be hung?"

"Till pity and love can learn  
The wisdom of tears I bring,  
My pallid light in your skies shall burn,  
My snow in your meadows spring."



## One dead

You whom I meet to-day,  
Where is the child I loved,  
Who took my heart for its own, and lay  
So near to the heart it moved ?

Have you left yourself behind ?  
For ah, in your smile and kiss  
Where the child's enchantment played, I find  
Its memory only is.

You could not hold the years  
With your feeble hands at bay,  
Nor keep the speech that for life endears  
The words it tries to say.

Then you for my sad surprise  
Must bear no blame at all,  
For in every life lived out there dies  
A child that is sweet and small.

It dies on a mother's breast  
In the dream-bewildered night,  
And many a mid-day death unguessed  
It meets in the open light.

'Twas in absence, love-beguiled,  
I let you live too long  
In my brooding heart, oh piteous child,  
Long passed from men among,

And I feel your death, and know,  
As none who have watched it may,  
As it crept upon you sure and slow ;—  
For me you have died to-day.

## At Nightfall

### I.

NIGHT and Sleep together are  
In their need of you to bless ;  
Growing Night to Sleep afar  
Whispers of your weariness,  
Such a delicate distress  
Signals with her softest star.

Night, who watches cold and shy,  
Night has never failed you yet,  
Perfect in her constancy ;—  
Sleep is likelier to forget,  
In whose very arms you lie,  
In whose heart your dreams are met.

## At Nightfall

### II.

THE flush and sparkle of fatigue  
    (That load the anxious end of day  
With childish whim against the league  
    Of Sleep and Love to stay

A little longer waking still),  
    In hot unconscious haste have sent  
For Sleep, their meaning to fulfil,  
    Their nature to content.

And vain the appeal of that soft hand  
    Flung sweetly back to consciousness  
With pulse too feeble to withstand  
    The impulse of caress.

Sleep better knows thy need than I,  
    Harmonious Sleep that would arrest  
Mine for the silent lullaby  
    She sings the best.

Oh every moment more to me,  
And every moment less thine own,  
Is this I clasp and comfort thee  
In loneliest dreams alone?

## At Nightfall

### III.

INTOLERANT skies the light refuse ;  
 Night chafes to bare her glorious breast,  
 And all the bright deserting hues  
 Of earth are hunted down the west,  
 And leave, behind the sunset bars,  
 Only the colour of the stars.

The colour of the stars, I say ?  
 Yes, even the gold that lit your hair  
 The jealous Light has washed away,—  
 That ebbs, to quicken elsewhere  
 Such soft abundances as this  
 Left quickening till the morning's kiss.

## At Nightfall

### IV.

EARTH, with a mother's sympathies,  
 Turns from her dayspring in the west,  
 With her own shadow shields our eyes,  
 And draws us to her darkening breast,—  
 In aim solicitously one  
 With mine your sleep was wooed upon.

The poor, dull rains that fall to-night  
 Wash blindly many a radiant hue;—  
 Unkissed of Iris, they alight  
 On thirsty petals red and blue,  
 Whose potencies of colour fly  
 With light across another sky.

For Darkness nothing can displace,  
 His easy flag in heaven unfurled,  
 To Colour gives perpetual chase,  
 And keeps it flying round the world;  
 Winning, for her sun-weary brood,  
 The pathos of Earth's gratitude.

## At Nightfall

### V.

**SLEEP** found you in the arms you sought,  
And me, to dreams that camp outside,  
Your feet, your little wandering thought—  
He bids confide.



## At Nightfall

### VI.

CURVED subtly inward from your sleep,  
To the still heart that pillows you  
My bosom's thorns are running deep,—  
The wrongs I did, the wrongs I do.  
Oh tender hands such nails to drive  
Where every nerve is sensitive !

## Lullaby

Sleep now, for daylight in our skies  
Is dying, dead ;  
In heaven the ancient tears arise  
Unshed.

Be safe, be sheltered, sweet, be still,—  
Forget the day ;  
Be far from earth ; from every ill  
Away.

## Demand

**GIFTS to pay the gift you gave  
Of the love I give you, sweet,  
At those tender hands I crave,  
Kneeling at those tender feet.**

**Bring me—wants to satisfy,  
Wealth of pleasure to bestow ;—  
Spare me—wishes to deny,  
Sweet bestowal to forego.**

**Use me more, and thank me less ;  
Then my glad heart with the one  
Blessing of thyself to bless  
Break with blessing, and have done.**

## Motherless

### I.

For me death baffled the gentle plan  
That softens earth for the infant man.  
She on whose breast my life began  
Left me with many a tear to shed,  
Whose salt through the cup of childhood ran:  
For she—when I called her once—was dead.

I learned so quickly, it seemed I knew  
The time to teach me was ill to spare.  
With needs so many, and claims so few,  
Back on itself my child's heart drew:  
While, sad above all things orphaned, grew  
The unfingered silk of a baby's hair.

## Motherless

### II.

So near a grave they lead thy feet ?  
Oh turn them quickly thence, to save  
The pitiful delusion, sweet,  
That earth is richer for a grave.

Thou shouldst be led by emulous eyes'  
Maternal softnesses to her,  
And out of love's securities  
Thy loss half-happily infer.

Unmoved by secrets of decay  
She never knew, and could not share,  
Of her bright spirit in the day  
I'd have thee merrily aware.

## Secrets

THIS little human history  
Is open, open as the air,  
Yet to the world a mystery  
Which, ere it end, itself must share ;—  
Life loosed a moment on the earth  
In conscious pause 'twixt death and birth.

The lap of some enlightened past  
For earth's strange breast did you resign?  
Or did the term expire at last  
Of some long potent anodyne,  
And bid you waken, barely sad,  
Yet secret with the dreams you had ?

Ah! since from love such secrets be,  
I am too proud to ask from where  
You brought your face for me to see,  
And touched me with your silky hair,  
And learned the friendly secrecies  
Of unintelligible eyes.

## Favouritism

Poor child, in each indocile mood  
    A sudden orphan doomed to be !  
I must not own the motherhood  
    Of little sins that cling to me,  
But starve them for the pampered good  
    Their common mother passed to thee.

Yet, orphaned as thou sometimes art,  
    Not seldom do my arms caress,  
On its own faithless mother's heart,  
    This little orphan, motherless,  
That, through thy dreams it may depart,  
    And leave thee all for tenderness.

## Retreat

THE world's heart throbs to many a change-ful  
beat,

The world's whim alters at the world's decree,  
Then, on a heart that's full of thee, my sweet,  
Rest in the arms so covetous of thee,  
Made soft to wrap life's opening buds about  
From winds that tear the perilous world without.

Rest on, rest on with still unshaken breath ;  
Be with the morning faultlessly in tune !  
Scarce-broken bud, that barely blossometh,  
Yet into flower that will be bursting soon !  
To lovely trouble tearfully enchant  
Love's heart will stir of unimagined want.

For love's a leisure that the world has not,—  
Love is an idler that can stop to show  
A childish grief the way to be forgot,  
A baby's tears the easiest way to flow,  
When, lightly held in delicate arrest,  
Life lingers long, caressing and caressed.



## Sleep at Dawn

To dreaming earth the gathering light  
Gives back her littleness again,  
Unstars the legendary night,  
And makes the horizon clear and plain ;  
Yet tender to some baby dream  
Of yours its soft incursions seem.

The day for you is not begun,  
For sleep and silence still enfold  
This tender vision, now the sun  
That set so rosy, rises gold;—  
A sun that's shy of waking you  
To watch with light the whole day through.

So to a sweet conspiracy  
Dawn wakens love, and keeping still  
Their double distance, they agree,  
Your sleep's intention to fulfil ;—  
Yet, jealous of the shadows they  
That watch you in your dreams at play.

## Sunset

THE evening's here, and soon the sun  
Out of our sight must fall ;  
His dying look's a tender one,  
His death no death at all ;  
Although he seems to rest so deep,  
Like men he cannot even sleep.

For he goes travelling, always bright,  
And hot as hot can be,  
Tho' cool and dark he leaves the night,  
And lets the stars go free,  
Like patient dreams too long denied  
Your sleep's soft heaven so soft and wide.

When he brings back the day again,  
And darkens all their light,  
Tell him " You did not go in vain,  
The stars were out all night ;  
And every sleep you leave to me  
A host of happy dreams sets free."

## Memories

Oh joy that never can be dead,  
Shall I accept a grave—for you?  
Must all my tears be rendered  
For common earth to do  
The work of common rain and dew?

And shall I leave the thoughts unfed,  
The heavenly thoughts, the exotic few  
Your heavenly immigration shed,—  
Wherein I knew  
That earth and heaven together drew?

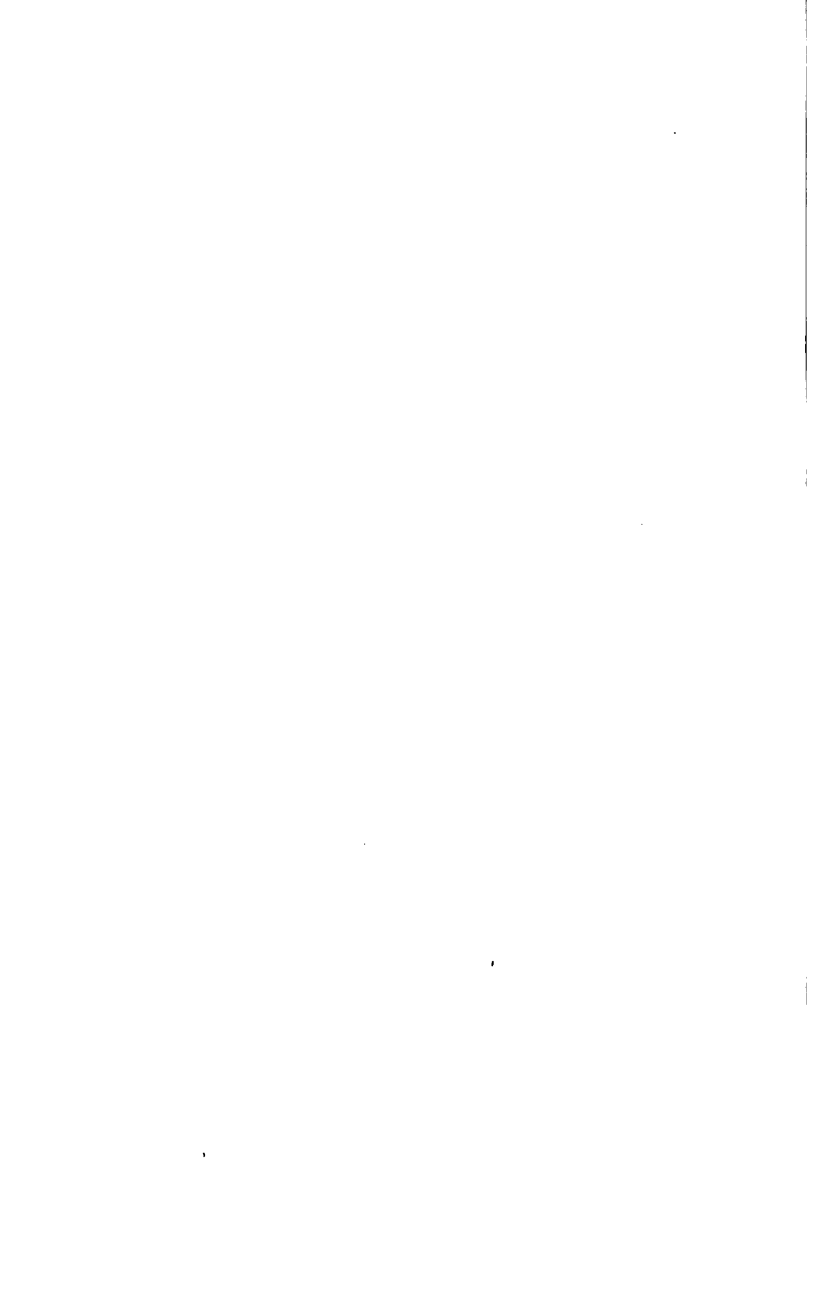
## From the East

ONE head bright above the rest  
Fading towards the unfading sun !  
For my thought—the one caressed,  
For my love—the only one.

Since I cannot with a kiss,  
With a thought I draw thee now ;  
Bought with that verse, or with this,  
Comfort to my heart allow.



## **FRAGMENTS**



## A Star

NOR eye nor ear can give me thee !  
Too fair thou art, sweet Star of mine,  
For aught but spirit to divine,  
With aught but spirit to agree.



## Individuality

How life and death for every one .

Keep each to his own counsel true !

The world he trod he leaves ; to none

The world he knew.

## Apprehension

OH Joy of mine life threatens to survive,  
 A single hour may leave thee less alive !  
 And at the best, to-night will surely see  
 A day's dust gathered on thy memory !

## Of Thought

"THOUGH one in many a mutual word,  
 In thought, where all men separate go,  
 Tell me the tidings you have heard !"—  
 "Teach *me* the language that you know."

## Weariness

PLAY on my brow, oh wind,  
The old, the dumb, the blind !  
I am old with life to come,  
I am tired with things the future brings,  
And with words unuttered dumb.

## Recall .

SUPREME of old my homelier thoughts among,  
Beloved, my thoughts of thee were travellers  
long,

Were wanderers all.

But now, of thee unfailingly possessed,  
My thoughts that travel to my thoughts that  
rest

Thou dost recall.

## Drought

THE sky looked down on the dying land  
Where brown the unburied blossoms fell,  
And heaven ached with the earth's demand  
Till the clouds were torn and terrible,  
And scarce dared bend to the breathless plea  
Lest earth should drown in the floods let free.

## Sundown

WITH dying generosity  
The sun upon the pallid sea  
A shimmering line of rubies shed ;  
Then, missing every scattered gem,  
In mortal haste re-gathered them,  
And hid behind the mountain head.

## Hidden Light

How died the light of heaven for me,  
How grew the darkness so?  
Oh lift my soul where it can see,  
And let my blind heart know!



## Breaking Day

**BACK, back from dreams thy footsteps bend !  
The day's direction know and take !  
With light thy broken friendship mend,—  
With darkness break !—  
To dawn—attend !  
To day—awake !**

## Appeal

DEATH wakes in my heart. .

Oh enter it now ;

Life that thou art, .

Challenge him—thou ! .

## Love

I HASTENED thro' the world, and lo,  
    Away from thee  
I could not find the way to go,—  
    The place to be.

## Farewell

THOUGH with the tide that takes thee flowing  
My ebb of joy be full and deep,  
Where I would follow, heaven is going,  
As I would guard thee, love will keep.  
What I would tell thee, Silence, knowing,  
May save to sanctify thy sleep.

## Leaves

Oh parting loosening leaves, adieu,  
That from Spring's heart grew,  
And on us here  
In Summer softened the sun's smile thro' !  
The faithful year  
Has wealth not bound to be lost with you.

## Silence

"You answer, but I cannot reach  
To break the silence of your thought!"  
"Love, lest the only certain speech  
Of truth be silence, ask me naught!"

## **" 'Tis Silence Knows "**

**'Tis Silence knows how Speech and Thought  
Are every day together brought,  
And yet how little Thought to Speech  
Gives Truth to teach.**

## **|FORMS OF VERSE**





## RONDEAU

## Before I die

BEFORE I die what sweeter thing,  
My darling, to recall have I,  
Or worthier my remembering,  
Than thee—before I die?

Thyself to my last moment bring,  
Last image from my senses fly!  
Before I die what sweeter thing,  
My darling, to recall have I?

Forth with my parting spirit wing,  
Till all the dumb vault of the sky  
Peal with the love I could not sing  
For pressure of mortality.  
Before I die what sweeter thing  
My darling, to recall have I?

## RONDEL

## Hope without Patience

HOPE without patience is a suicide !

Thinking to distance destiny and fear,  
Her ignorant steps to glacier heights draw near  
From the mild valley, and the mountain side.

Set in a way eternally denied,

They hang o'er depths she cannot hope to clear.  
Hope without patience is a suicide,  
Thinking to distance destiny and fear.

Poor reckless Hope, with her blind self for guide,  
Who cannot wait to clasp the thing that's dear,  
Nor trust the shades of lovelinesses here,  
The heavenly breath of promises implied.—  
Hope without patience is a suicide,  
Thinking to distance destiny and fear.

# TRIOLET

## Spring

So shyly in the face of Spring  
     Earth looks at last ;  
 Her lips of welcome whispering  
 So shyly in the face of Spring.  
 And Hope, fulfilled, is on the wing,  
     And Winter past.  
 So shyly in the face of Spring  
     Earth looks at last.

## TRIOLET

## A Voice

Voice as various as the wind,  
Voice I follow, voice I know,  
Call me from the years behind,  
Voice as various as the wind !  
Of the present me remind ;  
Bid me to the future go ;  
Voice as various as the wind,  
Voice I follow, voice I know.

## TRIOLET

## Theft

WHAT did Time steal from me to-day ?

    Your voice, unheard ; your face, afar ;  
Your kiss, unclaimed ; yourself, away.

What did Time steal from me to-day ?

Each tender change, as grave or gay,

    At noon you were, at night you are.

What did Time steal from me to-day ?

    Your voice, unheard ; your face, afar.

## TRIOLET

## Presence

WHEN unto me her smile is given  
Here on the earth she's banished to,  
Mine is a heart that wakes in heaven ;—  
When unto me her smile is given,  
Out of itself my treasure driven  
The gates of heaven has vanished thro' :  
—When unto me her smile is given  
Here on the earth she's banished to.

## Hope and Fear

If Fear's the threat of Hope, so Hope  
The promise is of Fear.  
One present, shows the other near ;  
One fading, leaves the other clear ;  
One speaking, makes the other hear ;  
Each gives the other scope ;  
If Fear's the threat of Hope, so Hope  
The promise is of Fear.



## TRIOLET

## Sympathy

The light weak wings of earthly love  
Are—under Heaven, and—over thee.  
Thy goal beneath, thy way above,  
The light weak wings of earthly love  
On patient pinions wait to move  
A little hope of Hope to be.  
The light weak wings of earthly love  
Are—under Heaven, and—over thee.

## SONNET

## A Child

DAYS, with their change intangible, go by,  
And mark in you my losses and my gain.  
Dimming this gold hair with a deepening stain,  
They breathe, unheard, the baby's lullaby.  
Then, baby, sleep; and, sceptred child, draw nigh  
The innocent April of your fleeting reign!  
With smiles pay pleasure; and, to punish pain,  
Announce with tears the frail autocracy.

Ere, early doomed by life's relentless laws,  
The childish purple be outgrown, I dare  
Backward through time to dream my darling,  
where,  
Held in the midst, in an eternal pause,  
This same sweet childhood, eminently fair,  
All generations to its worship draws.

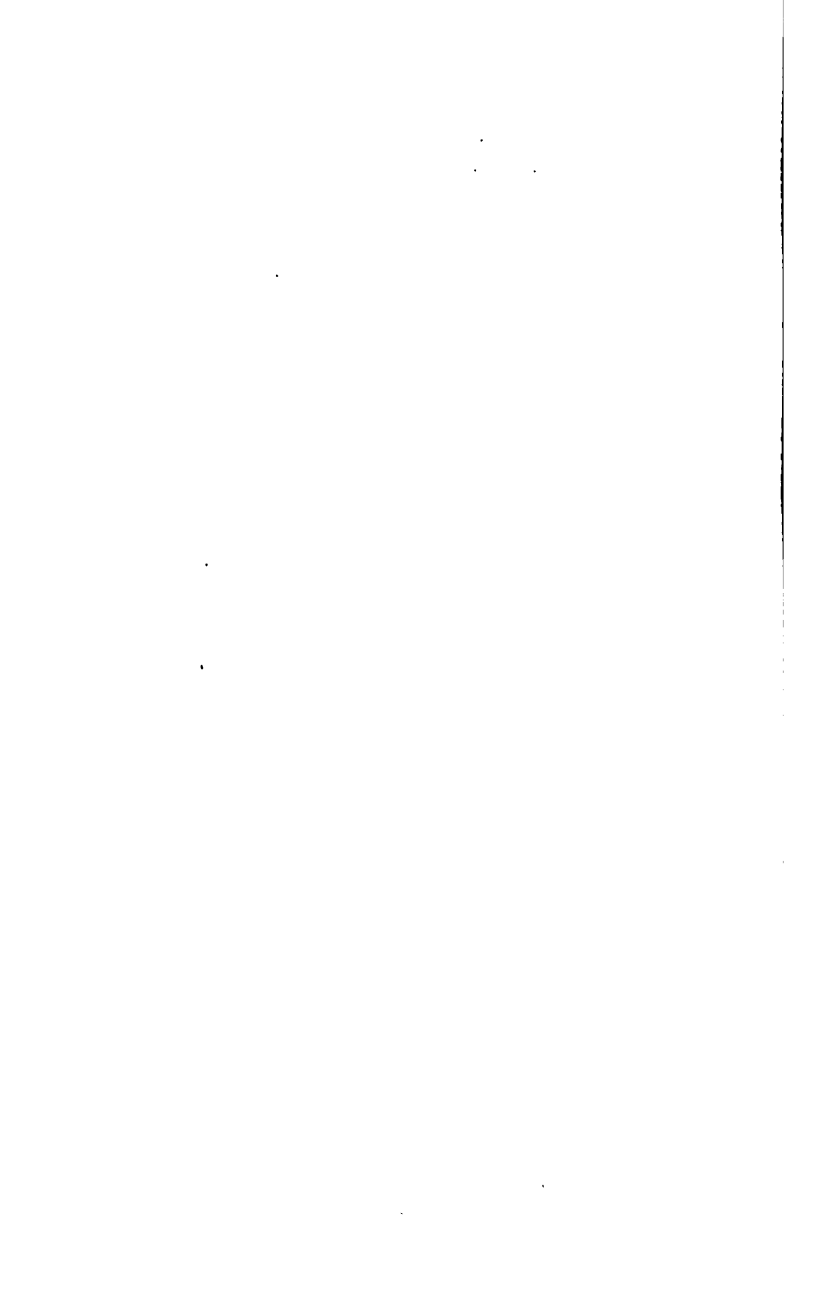
## SONNET

## Oh Piteous Fate

Oh piteous fate of every child that's born !  
Housed as it built not, set at once to reap  
Mysterious harvests sown by them that sleep,  
Who of their secrets left the world forlorn.  
Alas, for hands so easy to be torn,  
Since some dead hands have planted dark and  
deep  
In heavenly blossoms that were theirs to keep  
On earth, an earthly complement of thorn.

Then count one happy never to be cast  
In gathering fancies on delirium, bred  
Thro' orgies wild of some delirious past.  
And let the hero at his summoning blast  
Look well the flower of his intention last,  
Lest some dead cowardice spring to life  
instead.





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